

## R. Edgren's COLUMN



By Knocking Out Grande Dillon  
Proved He Is Still the Hardest  
Hitter Among the Light Heavy-  
weights.

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**B**Y knocking Sailor Grande out with a right hand blow on the chin in the second round last night Jack Dillon proved that he is still the hardest hitter among the light heavyweights. Grande has been noted for his ability to take any kind of punishment without being worried in the least. He couldn't take the hard Dillon delivers. Few of the big fellows can.

Dillon has signed to meet "any one the Brooklyn promoter can get," as he prefers Bob Moha, but that Moha is dodging him.

"He is Moha's chance, and it is his last," said Dillon last night. "He can have a fight with me on the 17th. He didn't fight in many long months after the Rachel 17th. I am not in Milwaukee. I've not given up boasting—when I take his chance Oct. 17 and we'll see what happens."

**M**OHA's manager, Mr. Callahan, laughed at Dillon's challenge.

"That's all very well," said Callahan, "but why should Dillon dictate the place in which the bout must be held? Bob Moha is the best man of his weight in the world. He has proved it. He is anxious to fight Dillon, and the time has come for our share of the money. I don't think the Broadway club is big enough to hold the crowd that would turn out for a Dillon-Moha scrap. The Garden is the place for it. I have been here with Moha for several months. In that time I have never seen anything Cox, and he gets \$40 for it. We've been paying out expenses with nothing coming in, because they are all afraid of Bob and won't fight him. We're going to stick to it until we prove to the public that Moha is a good man and a weight that ever fought in a ring. After Bob has cleaned up all the heavyweights he can induce to fight him, including Dillon, he will go after Sam Langford. We're not joking about that. We intend to stick with Moha, but the Show Corporation at the Garden was forced to call off the date. The Boxing Commission has ordered that the Weilert-Moha fight be held on the first open date in the Garden, no matter what the Show Corporation does. The commission awarded us a \$250 forfeit from the Show Corporation, but we've never seen the money and haven't been able to locate the people to collect from."

Dillon is having his fight with Moha soon as we know where we stand on the Weilert-Moha match, and as soon as there is any fair offer to Moha for the match, Bob is in constant training and ready for Dillon or any one else."

# BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

## SEEN FROM THE PRESS BOX AT EBBETS FIELD

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).



### If Robins Win To-Day, Says Bugs Baer, 'New York Is a Suburb of Brooklyn'

**Carrigan Crossed Experts,"**  
He Declares, "Who Figured  
on Either a Right or Left  
Handed Pitcher, by Pitching  
an Underhanded One Named  
Mays.

By "Bugs" Baer.

**W**ITH the U.S. on one side and the Robins on the other, the three-mile neutrality zone is busier than a toy terrier with two crews of fleas. Robinson's champion debutantes slapped the Red Sox down yesterday before a crowd of uniques and some spectators.

About two thousand seats as empty as last year's bird nest showed that the Sox were not the only ones who lost. If there are any spectators

grinning to-day, it is because they have crocodile blood in 'em, and can't help. Seats were at a premium just like sand is at a premium in the Sahara. If it were not for the fact that it would have looked grasping, most any one in the upper tier could have sat in three seats.

The cold weather may have kept the crowd down, but we looked over a five-dollar bill and couldn't find anything about the weather printed on it.

The Red Sox did nothing yesterday to look into a mirror about to-day. All the stylish baseball present was being worn by the Robins, whose sudden display of gimp may lead the National Comish to examine 'em for hocky marks. Carrigan crossed the experts who figured on either a right or left handed pitcher by pitching an underhanded one named Mays.

A triple cleamer than a bound's tooth by Olson sharpened Mr. May's edge, and he heard the showers parading 'm. Mr. Foster voted for him in the sixth, but the Robins had been elected. Friend Olson is now eating at the first table. Next to the fact that nobody wore a straw hat, the greatest piece of judgment was flushed by Manager Robinson, who finally decided to let him go.

The umpires had no disputes to settle about the stiffness of the atmosphere, everybody agreeing that Ebbets Field is one of the best ventilated in the works. The Robins' outfield clutched flies like a nutty grabbing dimes, and anything that did not fall had to have a lot of influence.

About two hundred cops protecting the bleachersites from the umpires spent a fat afternoon looking perfectly satisfied with the Democratic Administration. None of 'em burst into tears when Casey Stengel adopted the ball and started the game. If the Robins win to-day New York is a suburb of Brooklyn.

**P**ACKEY MFARLAND isn't going to fight any more. He has taken up golf. Packey writes this from Asheville, N. C.

"Dear Mr. Edgren:

"I am writing a few letters to-day and the thought occurred that

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